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STATE NECESSITY

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QUESTION OF LAW.

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STATE NECESSITY

Not considered as a

QUESTION OF LAW.

A

POETICAL SKETCH.

----- Quo Fata trahunt, retrahuntque sequamur.

VIRG. *Æn.* v. l. 709.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at N^o. 1. in Ludgate-Street,

MDCCCLXVII.

Speedily will be Published, by the same Author,

POLITICAL CHARACTERISTICS:

A P O E M.

STATE NECESSITY

NOT CONSIDERED as a QUESTION AT LAW.

A Grecian Sage, while Authors wrote
With wit and spirit worthy note,
Who fear'd no domineering brow,
Nor cring'd at Court, as Bards do now;
A free, unpension'd Sage observ'd,
Mark! critic mark! each weighty word,

The

*The Dice of Gods ne'er lose the bit,
Nor vary from the chance one bit.*

The Cubes are thrown---and tho' the Die,
Roll half the circuit of the sky,
And thousand revolutions make,
Yet, though for worlds the mighty stake,
Fate has determin'd ere it fall:
Fate rules the Dice, the Gods, and all.

Nor think it much this Ball terrene,
Each great event, and little scene,
That Crowns and Sceptres, Kings and Lords,
Just as Fate gives the potent words,
Must subject be---Fate rules the whole:
Of Government, the very Soul;
The soul of Council---what but Fate,
Could change a Man, so great of late,
All Europe's wonder, England's pride,
And make him leave fair Freedom's side?
Fate hoodwink'd first his patriot soul;
And while the Coronet she stole,

And wrapt him in patrician vest,
 And tied it fast across his breast,
 His free, undaunted heart the bound,
 And in his Honor fix'd a wound.
 What Opposition could not do,
 Fate did, and made him buckle to;
 Reduc'd his Eloquence to mute,
 And gave him o'er a slave to BUTE.

Thus Prejudice, and ranc'rous Hate
 Of virtue, dare to stamp with fate,
 Their Imputations---so of old,
 Did Ægypt's Prophets, rashly bold,
 Lay vain pretence to Heaven's assistance,
 And to it's spirit make resistance.

Say! can the Man, whose weighty sense,
 Intrepid soul, and Eloquence,
 First rescu'd, and then rais'd the state
 To high renown---who, when of late,

Destruction

Destruction frown'd, and mark'd her prey,
 And Freedom wounded, gasping lay,
 Arose, and like the Grecian Sage,
 With Eloquence subdu'd the rage
 Of party discord --- can that Mân,
 Whose comprehensive, noble plan,
 Bids fair to fix Britannia's fame,
 And raise his own immortal Name,
 Relinquish Freedom's sacred cause,
 Nor honor, or revere her laws?
 Whose hand, while England all forlorn,
 The vessel driving in the storm,
 Assum'd the helm, and through the tide,
 Of pressing dangers, safe did guide,
 Each cord of state with wisdom strain'd
 Till Honor's well known port she gain'd.

Let little souls, whose pride can't own
 An error, if the fault's their own,
 In folly's maze perversely stray,
 And shut the eye 'gainst wisdom's ray;

Rail at that comprehensive man,
 Who, nobly great, can change his plan.
 Whose curious eye and active sense,
 Of state, can mark each exigence,
 Each nice connection and relation;
 And seeing, act, and save the nation.

And, let me tell ye, things of state,
 Have turn'd, and chang'd so much of late,
 That in the ministerial station,
 A very PROTEUS needs the nation.

Let Malice, and let ran'crous Spite,
 With sharp-fang'd Envy, snarl, and bite;
 CHATHAM from Freedom ne'er shall range,
 Till Fate, fix'd Fate itself shall change.

If this could be, good Heav'ns! what sport,
 In Church and state, in Law and Court!
 STUARTS again shall rule the nation;
 And wayward fates should fix damnation.

C

And,

And, while it play'd it's falsest game,
 Should snatch the Trumpet back from fame,
 Left Britain's glorious name she found,
 With PITT's the penfile world around.
 Nor should her Annals longer shine,
 With lustre of the BRUNSWICK Line.
 If Fate could change, perhaps you'd see,
 What CAMBDEN is, a MANSFIELD be:
 Candour on G*****'s brow should sit,
 And own, that others can have wit:
 Y----ke, doubling Y----ke no longer turn,
 To catch the seals, or losing, mourn:
 And S*****'s hypocritic face,
 For honest Virtue, meet disgrace;
 Nor to God's Grace lay vain pretensions,
 As if his *special Grace*, were pensions:
 N--t--n refuse a double Fee,
 Or plead the Cause of Liberty:
 G*****_E should see with patriot eyes,
 Nor stab the Infant Colonies,

CHATHAM prove false to Freedom's laws,
 And leave the People's sacred cause:
 YONGE shall withdraw the pledge he gives,
 That his paternal Honor lives:
 That in the Son, the Father's Merit,
 Shines forth, with undiminish'd spirit.

Hold! Critic hold! that sneer subdue!
 My Muse has travell'd fast 'tis true,
 And rather from the beaten track;
 Reviewers! go, and fetch her back----
 Hold----let me mount----we scour the plain:
 Behold us now brought back again;
 Catch the first thought the Muse design'd;
 And weigh it with a candid mind.

*The Dice of Gods, though ruled by Fate,
 Are not more sure than Dice of State.*
 Nay, whatsoever be the Game,
 The chance, the throw, the prize the same.

If CHIESS the game to which we're fated ;
 Behold! how soon the king is MATED:
 New fangled Knights, with aukward pace,
 Of ancient Gentry take the place:
 Then, mitred Bishops glide between,
 And sily *prize* or take the Queen:
 Plebeian pawns, in equal row,
 The People's state are apt to show.
 What boots it, that the King and Queen,
 The Bishop, Knight, and Rook are seen,
 O'er these, to lift their haughty head ;
 To strike at once their vaunting dead,
 King, Queen, Rook, Knight and Mitred Lawn,
 Each boasts his strength, that strength a pawn,
 Without whose aid, King, Queen and all,
 Unguarded stand, and soon must fall.
 For aids like these, in full requitals,
 State Rooks devour the Nation's vitals:
 PACTOLUS like, the Nations treasure,
 Lavish'd, and pension'd without measure,

Through

Through *****'s and *****R's rolls it's tide,
Bank'd in by ***** on either side.

The rustic public, who presume,
To mark it's bounds, or wait it's doom,
Expect in vain ! it still shall flow,
As each revolving Age will show.

But since the matter is decreed,
That in the tender part we bleed,
Since Fashion takes the turn to reign,
And round each neck, links fast her chain :
Let us suppose, for Fashion's sake,
The Game QUADRILLE---Our all at stake ;
And, while before our eager eyes,
Appear the contest and the prize,
The pleasure let us have, though fated,
To stand, and see if we are cheated.

Suppose we now the Tables set :
The Counters told, the Junto met.

D

The

The Fish are to the Pool convey'd;
 The Fish for which the Nation paid:
 Petitions, Merit has prefer'd,
 Are now thrown by, and never heard;
 The lust of play drinks up their souls,
 And every other lust controuls.

My Lord I ask---a cursed thing!----
 My Lord you have it---call a King----
 Clubs, and the diamond King I call----
 This King of diamonds ruins all.

Thus Courtiers sanctify their deeds,
 And call their King to lend them aids:
 Thus prostitute the regal name,
 And then to PATRIOT, lay their claim.
 For Matadores, they pawn their soul:
 Their Heaven, is a *Sans Prendre Vole*.
 The nation's Treasure all at stake;
 With hand rapacious, each would take.

And some, inadequate, tho' known,
 Rather then pass would play alone ;
 While CHATHAM only can display,
 The talents for successful play.

But, while the Nation's Debt remains,
 With twice ten thousand other stains,
 Upon the Tablet of our fame,
 And foully blot Britannia's name ;
 My honest Muse must here rehearse
 In tears abortive, while the verse,
 Perhaps, unnotic'd shall remain,
 Until she pour a fuller strain ;

*It matters not one single pin,
 Who's in or out---who lose or win :
 What hand, of state, assumes the rule ;
 Who acts the knave, or plays the fool :
 Borne down, by this enormous weight,
 Rushes the structure of the state.*

And

*And till we pay this mighty SCORE,
 Reform, grow wise, contract no more;
 Trust me, the nation drags a chain,
 Of which the people may complain.
 For howsoe'er the game is play'd,
 What ministers, or peers are made;
 The publick treasure, how expended;
 The state patch'd up, or wholly mended:
 A million voted ev'ry year;
 Exchequer sums however clear:
 By whomsoe'er these sweets are tasted;
 The people are codill'd and basted.*

F I N I S.

